

## BUTTE NEWS.

## "LODGE OF SORROW"

Impressive Services Held by the Butte Order of Elks.

TO THE DEPARTED MEMBERS

Editor J. M. Quinn Delivers an Eloquent Memorial Address—Eulogy to the Memory of J. M. Andrews.

A very impressive service held in Butte last evening was the annual "Lodge of Sorrow" of the Elks, held at the Auditorium. The hall was well filled with Elks and their friends. Messrs. Butler and Wells, Messrs. Carls and Carls, furnished the musical part of the program. The feature was the eloquent eulogy and memorial address, delivered by J. M. Quinn, editor of the Miner. The only death during the year was of J. M. Andrews and that is the only death that has yet occurred among the Butte Elks. After paying a brief eulogy to the memory of Mr. Andrews, Mr. Quinn said:

"Death may seem a topic strange to the order of Elks, which has built its fame upon the foundation of joy and good cheer, but let us not forget that behind every smile that has ever illumined the face of mankind there has been a pain; rapture springs from the emotions which have been stirred by grief; laughter is the ripple of the sun-kissed shallows which flow onward to the sobbing sea, and joy is the blossom of the rose which grows in soil made sacred by the tears of time.

"The Elks are proud of the reputation which their order has won for sociability and good cheer. They are proud to know that their band of wayfarers have contributed in some small degree to the pleasures of their fellow men. They are never so happy as when their guests are lifted above the cares and perplexities of life and given a taste of care-free irresponsibility. If upon the pages of the order's history there can truthfully be written the record of a heart made lighter, a soul made happier or an hour brightened, it has done that for which it should be proud indeed. Of all the missions in this world none is more worthy than that of lifting the burdens from the shoulders of the weary, of banishing sorrow, of letting sunlight into the darkened chambers of despair or blasting melancholy with a ray of mirth.

"It is meet that even those who are not blessed as orthodox Christians should occasionally step aside from their worldly pleasures and consider the most solemn and profound of all the problems presented to mankind. It is good for the worlding whose moral nature is thereby strengthened and for the orthodox whose hearts are made more tender and whose souls are made more pure. There is something more than sin and abandon in the great world outside of the church. It would be better for the non-Christian (and I use the word 'Christian' in its narrow sense) if he would more frequently give his mind to the subject which we consider to-night. It would be better for the communicant if he would give more generous consideration to the opinions and sentiments of those who walk in the broader and more dangerous path, where every soul must be its own guardian, counselor and guide. When standing in the presence of death, who shall say that he alone has solved the mystery or fathomed the unmeasured depths of the future? Who, in all this bustling, crowding world, can say that he and those who agree with him are to enjoy the blessings of a peaceful eternity, while all who lack his belief must be denied? Who, I ask you, looking his fellow man in the face, gazing into the eyes of the sorrowing, unannounced, whose struggle has been fruitless and in vain, shall say that any soul unstained by crime shall find no solace in the world beyond? I am led into this train of thought to-night by the fact that in the order for which we are called upon to speak we recognize no dividing line save that which divides the right from the wrong. The order makes no inquiry into the religion or the politics of the applicant for membership, save only as to his belief in a ruler of the universe. It invites the Catholic and the Protestant, the orthodox and the unorthodox to unite in true fraternity. It brushes aside the prejudices and hatreds of the past and acts for the present and the future. Its vows are neither colored by creed nor colored by faction. Its religion is the religion of humanity and its house of worship the starlit cathedral whose horizon walls convey the light of promise to us all, under whose translucent dome no hoar of gold or builder of fortunes can monopolize the sunlight or the shade, and beneath whose clustered lamps no potentate or king can change the currents, stem the tides, or rob the peasant's nestling glen of the music of the lark. Many a cruel heart has worn the cloak of sanctity; many an honest soul has been alien to the creeds. Persecution has oftentimes donned the uniform of dogma, while 'unconverted' heroes have faced the storm of contending hates and cried: 'Peace, be still!'

"These contemplations are not in criticism of orthodoxy but in defense of that great multitude which stands without the pale of proscribed religion. They are not uttered for the purpose of casting a doubt upon the efficacy of the splendid faith which has been the support and consolation of helpless humanity for ages, but to pay just tribute to the humane attributes of the churchless millions. I would not, for the applause of the multitude, utter a word or utter one sentiment which in the remotest degree could be construed as disrespectful or derogatory of the various Christian religions which have worked so faithfully and well for the uplifting of the lowly, but in the interest of that very Christianity for which the churches speak and for the strengthening of every arm uplifted in defense of morality and nobility of character, I would raise my voice in recognition of that broad, unselfish, that sincere charity, that unconscious and sublime Christianity which is found in the rugged world where men of every class and rank meet in the field of action rather than of profession. In this direction, which bears upon an important branch of the evening's theme, I aim to do full justice to the church, which under various names and with differing ceremonials, has carried the cross at the head of the column of progress, led it aloft in the wilderness as the symbol of salvation, made it the inspiring sign around which have rallied many of the best and purest characters in history and behind which has been heard the steady tread of the invincible legions of the Caucasian race. Under it the intrepid mariner has gone forth and discovered continents; in its name governments have been established, liberty won, life made brighter and death itself divested of its ancient mask of

horror. The church is the regular army of Christianity which stands guard over the moral progress of the world, but let it be attacked and it would find among its valiant defenders vast armies of undisciplined recruits, who respect it for its dignity, sustain it for the future and love it for the memory entwined about its name. And yet, from out the vast unorthodox world there comes a cry which seems to say: 'Father, we are Thy Children; turn not away.'

"As for those who have gone beyond this earth and who are numbered with the dead, they need no sympathy from us. Their struggle is ended; they have left the path of strife and storms; there are no disappointments or heartaches for them. Upon their brows the light of the eternal morn and in their ears the music of divine melodies. Yet, from time immemorial humanity has dreaded the end.

"Death. What fears and doubts, what awful dread the world once held for all. What is death? Is there a life beyond the grave? Is the grave the end of all? Must the eyes now shining with the radiance of ambition and aspiration be closed forever? Will the friend whom we follow to the cemetery meet us no more? These are questions asked by wondering man from childhood to old age and the answers that have come can leave but one conclusion. The finite cannot grasp the infinite. As well expect the busy ant to build a marble palace, the patient snail to make the fleetest steed, the bat to catch the eagle in its flight, lisp to the babe to measure stars and solve the mysteries of the sea.

"It cannot be that the spirit which is ever reaching out for fields unexplored and problems unsolved is destined to an eternity of inanimate and pulseless gloom. It cannot be that all the high aspirations, the exalted ambitions and the noble aims are the mere flashes of a vitalized being from the dull clay has sprung to breathe, speak, hope, love and conquer, only to fall back to the cold soil from which it came and be dirt upon the feet of plodding kine.

"Death is as the night. The shadows deepen, the sun sinks behind the western hills, a chilling breath cools the landscape, the outlines of familiar objects grow indistinct, the hum of voices and the noise of industry die away and darkness covers all. With darkness comes slumber, rest and repose, but no matter how dark the night, the morning comes with its awakening glow, the eastern skies are flushed with a new born light and another day begins.

"Who can look upon the scenes of life and say that this is all? Who view the fruitless strife and conclude that here all hope must end? Who can gaze upon the lowly and say they shall not some day rise? Who can see the suffering of the poor and say there is no pain beyond the grave? Who hears the constant throbbing of humanity's aching heart without feeling that beyond this little world there lies a land of rest where burdened souls may find succor of sorrow and of pain?

"The materialist thinks he sees in the gaping tomb the last receptacle of all that makes the man. He touches the cold and pulseless casket of the soul and says: 'This clay can never rise.' He applies the test of science and the laws of reason to the rigid form and proclaims: 'This is the end.' But even while he mocks at hope his own imprisoned soul cries out against his cruel creed. Turning from his harsh philosophy he plunges into the battle for power and supremacy with redoubled energy. He says there is no hope, yet hopes on. He cries out against eternity, yet, moved by an unseen power, he reaches for joys which belong not to the earth and fights for goals which lie beyond its vale. He mistakes the finite candle with which he lights his groping way for the infinite sun of eternal light. Because it is dark at midnight he shakes his doubting head and says there is no morn. And yet, through all the night he dreams of pleasures that must come somehow, somewhere, when, shaking off the cloak of gloom, the morning dawn shall break.

"In the presence of death how feeble are the arguments of the timid. He rails against dogma, yet is the personification of dogma. He places his poor knowledge, his dim light, his brief moment of experience against the teachings and the experience of the ages and says there can be nothing after this. Even the cynic, who is honest in his doubts—who gives expression to the uncertainty which has crept into every mind—presents an argument which is a hope. Read his essays, listen to his speeches, weigh his logic, and wonder at the stripped his weapon of his gaudy decorations you will find an edgeless sword whose harmless point is the confession: 'I do not know.' Of course he does not know. Neither do we. We do not know in the sense of ocular demonstration. We do not know in the sense of mathematical proof. We do not know as we know the irrefutable facts of the multiplication table. We do not know, but we hope, and hope sustained by the voice of promise becomes a holy and inspired belief. Ah, how little do we know. We know the past, we see the present, but what sage or oracle has known the future? Who among all the philosophers has been able to tell you what the morrow will bring forth? What mortal has been master of one second of time beyond the moment in which he speaks?

"Standing in God's acre, looking at the epitaphs and listening for one faint voice from the sleepers, the sighing winds alone make answer to our prayers. If those who slumber within the city of the dead could break the serene spell of their dreamless repose, what stories they could tell, what mysteries they could solve, what wonders they could reveal.

"If we but knew. In those four words we find the height and depth of human wisdom. They follow us from the cradle to the grave. Youth looks upon the helpless babe and says: 'If he but knew.' The man gazes upon the youth who follows the flame of his passion and says: 'If he but knew.' Old age sees ripe manhood rushing to ruin in the race for wealth and murmurs: 'If he but knew.' Death, standing in the shadow, smiles upon them all and whispers: 'If they but knew.'

"He who smiles upon the helpless child is but a child himself. The child may change; he may lose his beauty and his face may become wan and worn; the luster may leave the eye and the music of the voice may vanish, but in the ante-chamber of eternity, where men reach out to grasp the secret of the tomb, they play again the part they played when toddling from their trundle beds they tried to grasp the moon. And how the longing for the early youth clings to the heart through all the busy years. No matter how great the toils, how brilliant the achievements, how wide the fame or enviable the success, the heart turns back as age creeps on and through the silence of the years there comes a sighing wish to be once more a child, to be happy as the child, to be grown weary of the strife and burdened with the weight of care but in his reveries has said: 'I wish I were a boy again.' What woman, patient though she be, willing with her woman's heart to

suffer her full share of grief, but, sometimes, nursing on the breast, has thined her patience with regret and wished to be a child again? What tears and pains and smothered grief, what shattered hopes and vanished joys, lie hidden in that one sad wish, uttered in every land and clime beneath God's bending skies. And oh, how sweet the balm of promise which tells us that in the other land to which our dead have gone, the youth that comes can never fade, the happiness never die.

"Death is the prince of woeful, the king of solicitors, the acme of impartiality, the perfection of success and the essence of infallibility. In its unceasing rounds it comes to all alike and watchful time has yet to charge one failure to its score. It has no special favors to bestow. We know not with what magic art it wins its struggling prey. No one who hears its siren song can live to tell the tale. All who find slumber in its arms sleep on until the other shore is reached. We know not with what dulcet speech it calms the fears of fainting age, nor can we hear the lullabies with which it fills the silent night and lures our dimpled darlings from our sides. Whether its mission be the gathering to its bosom of a careworn patriarch or the plucking of a beautiful bud from the springtime of childhood, it is ever present. It rests not, neither does it pause. Its chilling countenance casts shadows on the morn and adds its spectre to the phantoms of the night. It was in the beginning and shall be in the end. It was with Mary at Calvary and imparted the sad lesson of the cross and punctious guest they may, the erring sons of erring man must learn and heed while groping through this vale of tears. And, after all, how just a judge is death. Its certainty is no more uncompromising than its impartiality. It knows no class, no sect, no creed of childhood, it is open to the just and to the unjust, to the rich and to the poor, to the mighty and the lowly, to the famous and the obscure. It is the unbending dispenser of justice, the unwavering iconoclast, the unbiased juror, the faultless guide, the unerring messenger, the faithful nurse and punctious guest. It is the sentinel at the gateway of eternity and none whom it salutes can backward turn or disobey its will. It provides the goal of every life and masters every heart. Above all, it has a common plane for all mankind and says to those who fail in this world, 'There are no classes here.'

"When the frolic of this life is ended, when the artificial lights of an all too artificial existence have been extinguished, when the music ceases and the hollow laughter ends, the revelers unmask within the court of death. No deception there; no wearing of false faces; no suborning of witnesses or bribing of the judge; no consideration because of earthly riches; no punishment of the weak and forgiveness of the strong; no persecution of the innocent nor adulation of the guilty. Let the gold worshippers pass up their tinsel until their groaning vaults burst with the weight of coin, let careworn despotic sway over the submissive millions, monarchs build chariots for their glory and palaces for their case, yet the day must come when they will be summoned before the bar of death and there appear in all the nakedness of their helpless destitution. There they start upon a journey without a sou to pay their way save such as they have earned in deeds of justice, charity and love. Within that court the rags of poverty are not seen; there are no blushes of shame on the face of virtue; no tears in the eyes of homeless innocence, no heartburnings in the breast of unsuccessful pride, no test of worth save worth itself; no silken gowns to hide the blemishes, no scorn for those who on this earth followed the humble walks of homely honesty.

"If justice lives the time must come when every humble plodder in this world whose life has been a journey through the desert of unrewarded toil shall find his burden lifted from his back while sunny days invite him to his case. If every promise of nature's laws be not a cruel lie, the patient, the silent grief, the uncomplaining self-sacrifice of her who bows beneath the frown of fate to pass her days in slavery and her nights in bitter tears, will some day blossom into bliss and crown with jewels of content the forgotten mother of the poor.

"No gift was ever born to die. Thought is eternal, inspiration is but a breath from the infinite, charity is the reflected glory of Bethlehem, and genius is the meteor spark which flashes from the star of hope.

"If, indeed, there be no reward beyond the tomb, what mockery is life. If this brief term of years is all of opportunity the soul can have, in what a supreme farce we play our stupid parts. The teacher pores o'er hidden tomes, burns the midnight oil in search of truth, delves in the remote recesses of science for facts with

(Continued on Page Seven.)

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